

“ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.”

Backward, turn backward, oh! Time, on your flight—
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echelons above,
Take me again to your arms, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few tangled threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, oh! tide of the years—
I am so weary of toil and of tears;
Toll without recompense—tears all in vain,
Take them—and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap,
Rock me to sleep mother—rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, and untrue,
Mother, oh! mother, my heart calls for you;
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Bloomed, and faded, our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearning, and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence, so long and so deep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother—love ever has shown—
No other worship abide and endure,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul, and the world-weary brain,
Shelter the soft calm of my heavy lids creep,
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders, again, as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Smoothing my locks, and the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Happily throng the sweet visions of yore—
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long,
Since I first listened to your lullaby song;
Sing then—and unto my soul it shall seem,
Womanhood's years have been only a dream—
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never heretofore to me sleep,
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

FLORENCE PERCY.

THE ACTRESS OF FORTUNE, AND THE BALLET GIRL: OR, THE PRICE OF VIRTUE WITH A SECRET LEAGUE. A Tale of Crime and Criminals.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPING, BY H. J. ROGERS, ESQ., Author of "The Invisible Thief," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

Lyon and Betty Carter—Will Mated—Reminiscences—Not that Name!—Betty Gets Enlightened—Not Quite—Horrid Supposition—Miss Maudie's Alarm—The Idiot Newboy Again—His Penchant for the Theatre, and Jessie.

MICHAEL LYON, the clothes dealer, was seated in the back room in Crosby street, in which Miss Maudie and Frank Benson had had such an agreeable interview, and opposite the Jew, a deal table dividing them, was placed Betty Carter, Jessie's protectress and maid of all-work. Betty was a very small creature, and, if one could judge by her shrill voice, and the deep wrinkles that crossed and intersected her withered countenance, had received rather rough usage from the world, and gone through a thousand vicissitudes generally. She was verging on fifty, and looked dry and withered enough to have been an hundred; in this particular she was well matched by the Jew, whose features were every bit as pinched and cut up as her own. In truth, they were a prepossessing pair, and seemed to be extremely comfortable, for the female had manufactured with rare skill two jorums of whiskey, which steamed before them, a round but of lemon-pot floating in each glass.

"Yes, it was a fearful night," said Betty Carter, as if proceeding with the conversation, "and my old bones, even now, shiver at the recollection of it. The fire, the crash of men, the wild shouts, and Mr. Benson running up and down, calling every one he met if they had seen his child. The family affairs treated as well, too. Ah! we have much to answer for, Mr. Lyon, and I think the best thing would be to send Jessie back to him—I do, indeed."

"You speak foolishly, Mary—"

"Not that name," broke in the old woman, "not that name; I always tremble when I hear it!"

"Well, then, Mrs. Carter, you must have lost your senses to propose giving Jessie back to her father. Do you think he would forgive us for the misery we have brought upon him, the long years of grief and suffering? Not he, indeed. He'd hunt us down like wild beasts."

"But we're getting old, Mr. Lyon, we can't live forever. It would be horrible to have such a crime scored up against us"—and Betty Carter took a sip of the whiskey.

"And will there be nothing scored up against him? did he show any pity to my sister? No, the heartless rascal stole from her all that was valuable in life, and then left her to despair and degradation. Ours here! he ruined my sister's happiness, and I ruined his. The fat lot, Mr. Lyon!"

"Deary me!" said Mrs. Carter, amazed at Lyon's violence, and lifting the glass again to her lips.

"However," continued the Jew, in a less excited strain, "we must be very careful, for there's no knowing when old Benson will have us under his thumb."

"Yes, we must be very careful," replied his companion.

"Have you been so lately, Mrs. Carter?"

"How? I'd like to see the man who'd draw a secret from me!"

"Are you acquainted with a Mr. Stephens?"

"Stephens? I no. I never saw him."

"What's strange, for he knows you?"

"Knows me, does he? Now, Mr. Lyon, I tell you I never heard of him before to-night."

"It may be so, I don't doubt you, Mrs. Carter; and yet, this George Stephens has threatened to expose me for stealing Mr. Benson's daughter; and, what's more, he mentioned your name, and laughed when I told him you were dead. He can have gained his knowledge only from you."

"Might he not have gained it from Benson?" asked the old woman, shrewdly.

"He might, indeed; I never thought of that."

"And did he only threaten you with exposure?"

"Threatened me out of two thousand dollars."

"What sort of a man is this Stephens—rich?"

"No, I can't say that he is; but he's not poor."

"Unscrupulous and cunning, perhaps?"

"As cunning as Satan himself."

"Benson would give a large reward for the recovery of his daughter, and such a man as you describe would give you up at once, unless he had good reasons for acting otherwise."

"He has good reasons to squeeze money out of me. The two thousand—"

"Come, come, Mr. Lyon; you have not surrendered that much—You would not in all the prisons of the land first."

"Well, the truth is, he wanted to marry Henrietta, and he was to give me this sum for consenting to their union; but he has now learned all about Benson, and refuses to pay it."

"And did he marry Henrietta?" asked Mrs. Carter.

"Yes, he says so."

"Then, you need not fear him; he wouldn't ruin his father-in-law. Besides, Henrietta will have all you're worth at your death."

"Betty, softly, I intend to leave my money to Jessie."

"What! instead of to your own child?"

"Henrietta won't want it, and Jessie will. This ballet dancing is a miserable way of making a living."

"Well, Mr. Benson will not be altogether unavenged if his daughter comes in for your wealth."

"She never will come in for it, so help me!—I mean," said the Jew, interrupting himself, "that—but, no matter, Mrs. Carter, no matter."

A strange suspicion crept into the old woman's mind. Perhaps Jessie Benson was not Benson's daughter, after all. The Jew might have deceived her.

"Tell me something about Jessie," continued the Jew, "is she a good girl?"

"Well, she's not bad exactly, but she's far from being an angel, especially since she began to keep company with a certain young clerk. She calls him Frank, and there is something in his face that seems familiar to me."

"Is he in love with her?"

"Suppose so; at least he thinks he is, and she believes him."

"But, say, there's nothing serious between them; she hasn't let him make a fool of her, has she?"

"Certainly not; Jessie is wiser than herself."

"Has it any noise is that on the stairs? There's somebody coming up."

"It's Jessie, as I live," said Mrs. Carter, putting her head out of the door, "and the young clerk is with her. She can't abide you, Lyon; hide yourself!"

"Where will I go?"

"Into the closet—quick! they're coming."

Lyon had scarcely concealed himself when Miss Maudie and Frank Benson entered the room.

"You're early to-night," said the old woman.

"Yes," replied Jessie, "I had little to do at the theatre, and I thought I'd give you a pleasant surprise."

"So you have."

At the same time she glanced at the closet.

From the place in which he had taken refuge, Lyon, through a split in the wood, could survey the whole party, and instantly recognized Frank as the young man who used to hang around his store in Chatham street, endeavoring to speak with Henrietta. Although he had never noticed it before, the fact now struck him that Frank bore a great resemblance to some one he had known in former years, and with this linking of the truth his acute memory was not slow to connect the resemblance to Mr. Benson, Sr. He knew that his enemy had a son named Frank, and was convinced that that son was now before him.

"Would that I had known this sooner," reflected the Jew; "I might have played my cards in such a manner that this boy would have married his own sister. Oh! that would have been glorious revenge, glorious! But it is too late now."

Fortunately for Mr. Lyon, Frank Benson was not going to stay, and when he took his hat to depart, Jessie Maudie accompanied him down to the door. The Jew crept out, and ascended to the garret, where he had a whispered colloquy with Betty Carter.

"The young clerk," he said, "is no other than Mr. Benson's son and heir. I could swear it."

"Don't say that—the supposition terrifies me."

"You must prevent them from meeting again."

"I will, if possible; she is returning to her room, go now."

Lyon slunk away from the house, and Mrs. Carter went down again to the second story.

"What's your companion's last name?" asked she, "I always forget it, or, I believe you never told me?"

"Benson," replied Jessie.

For a moment the old woman seemed incapable of motion, and gazed stupidly into the eyes of her young mistress.

"Benson!" she finally exclaimed. "Oh! this is awful; that he, of all the world, should be in love with you!"

"No great harm in that, is there?"

"Listen. You are aware that when you were still an infant, Mr. Lyon kindly received you into his house, and sheltered you until you were nearly eight years old; then you came to me, and willingly too, for you had lost your mother. Oh! this is awful; that he, of all the world, should be in love with you!"

"No great harm in that, is there?"

"Listen. You are aware that when you were still an infant, Mr. Lyon kindly received you into his house, and sheltered you until you were nearly eight years old; then you came to me, and willingly too, for you had lost your mother. Oh! this is awful; that he, of all the world, should be in love with you!"

been suspected that, like the locks of Littlebat Titmouse, Esq., they were something to the barber's manipulations, had not Mr. Burroughs been of too respectable a character to warrant such a supposition. Oh! no! no artificial means whatever were employed in preserving their original softness and beauty.

Few men could display their advantages of person as well as Mr. Burroughs; he was an adept in dressing himself, and although his figure was not the best in the world, he could, with the aid of straps and tight-fitting coats, twist it into absolute perfection. His waist was so small, and his shoulders so broad, that one, walking behind him, would have taken the retired grocer for a young man of twenty-five; but the wrinkles in his face speedily destroyed the illusion; those wrinkles were the thunder claps that soured the milk of his existence; he would have given hundreds, yes thousands, to get rid of them, but they remained, and his ingenuity could displace them.

Mr. Burroughs' wife was a woman about thirty-two years old, and singularly handsome, possessing a freshness of complexion that would have allowed her to represent herself as much younger. She had accepted the hand of Mr. Burroughs because he was wealthy, and not on account of any love she bore him; in his house she could live luxuriously and fashionably, have money sufficient for her utmost extravagance, and be in all things entirely independent of her husband. He had admired her physical attractions only, and when he offered to marry her, was induced to it rather by her great beauty, than by any respect for her mental acquirements, which were considerable, but not exactly of the sort calculated to make home happy.

A union thus formed could not fail to be a bad one; little by little, his admiration for her personal graces decreased, he found her to be possessed of a temper more stubborn than his own, and at length he was reluctantly obliged to conclude that he had the worst of the bargain; he was in the position of the man who bought an elephant, and then didn't know what to do with it. A kind of divorce now existed between them; she occupied her apartments, and he occupied his—neither encroaching upon the domain of the other. Before strangers, no couple could be more affectionate, or manifest a greater regard for each other's comfort; and to such an extent was this hypocrisy carried that Mr. and Mrs. Burroughs were quoted among their own set as models of constancy and conjugal felicity. They had no children.

In the way of craftiness, these estimable people were well matched; the superiority, in that respect, being, if anything, on the part of the lady; her calls upon his purse were ceaseless, and he had been so long accustomed to comply with her demands, and had so little moral courage to resist them, that she generally got all she wanted and no questions asked. Fortunately, his wife was so great, and could stand this continued bleeding.

It is, in this, into their house that we have introduced the reader.

"Yes," said Mr. Burroughs to himself, "she is a charming girl, no doubt of that. I thought at first that the place of the theatre had deceived me, but she is even more beautiful by day. I suppose Swain will find her like all the rest, waiting to sell anything for gold. Even should it be otherwise, Jessie Maudie must be my own."

His reveries were broken in upon by a knock at the door, and a servant entered.

"Mr. Swain, sir," replied the gentleman, knocking the ashes from his cigar.

The butler of the Dark Family made his appearance, bowing with all the submission of a man who knew himself to be well paid.

"You are punctual," began the grocer, "sit down and make yourself at home."

At the same time he shoved a bottle of wine across the table.

"Benson!" the butler, wiping a mouth with the back of his hand, and smiling as if well pleased with his reception.

"You have made enquiries?" demanded Mr. Burroughs.

"Yes."

"And the result?"

"Is unfavorable. She is a perfect she-dragon of virtue, and is quite as much to be feared as any other she-dragon can be."

"Did you speak with the bag?"

"Yes. I went so far as to intimate that Miss Jessie had captured one of the richest and handsomest men in the city, but it was all useless. I used to think that money could do anything, but it can't make Mrs. Carter assist us."

"What did she say?"

"She wanted to know if you'd marry Miss Maudie, and when I told her there was an insurmountable obstacle in the way, she refused to listen to another word. I never met such a crabbed, ill-natured old wretch in my life."

"So, she would do nothing?"

"Totally refused to see you, and swore she'd have me arrested if I ever showed my nose on the premises again."

"Then I must give up the girl?"

"No, I wouldn't advise you to do that. If she won't agree to consent, bring her by force to some secure spot where you can have her all to yourself."

"Swain!"

"Here."

"Sound that wall!"

The butler arose to his feet, crossed the room, and struck the wall with his fist, and then returned.

"Is it thick?" asked Burroughs.

"Remarkably so."

"The house stands by itself, and there are two rooms between this one and the street. Do you think a woman's voice could penetrate them?"

"Not the least."

"Then we shall have the ballet dancer here."

"Here! and your wife!"

"She never visits this room, and I might set up a bazaar here without her interference."

"You don't mean to say that she'd allow you to keep a mistress in the house?"

"Not if she knew it, but she will remain ignorant of the thing. My own man, Thomas, is the only one who will have access to this apartment besides myself, so that I will be as safe as if surrounded by iron walls."

"A fine plan, certainly, and likely to succeed from its very boldness. I am lost in admiration of your ingenuity, and wish that every husband could do the same thing. Two Captain himself could have devised nothing better."

"Who is the Captain?"

"A friend of mine."

"I might fetch her this very night."

"And how?"

"Get a carriage, wait until she leaves the theatre, and then map her up."

"But should anybody be with her?"

"That we must postpone the business until a better opportunity. Should it be the old woman, however, we can gag her, and be beyond pursuit before she can make an outcry."

"Very good indeed, Swain."

"Let Thomas meet me at the corner of Broadway and Canal street, and do you be ready to open the door."

"I have introduced many ladies to the stage, some have succeeded, and others failed; but I do not hesitate to say you are the most promising pupil I ever instructed."

"You flatter me, I am certain. My husband will be greatly astonished when he hears of my deed, and will do everything in his power to drive me back into private life."

"Husband!" said Mr. Temple with a contemptuous sneer, "what are husbands when art is concerned? Are husbands to step in and thwart the noblest purposes of genius? Banish him from your mind—he is unworthy of a second thought."

"People will think it very strange that I should go upon the stage. There are so many rumors started, and repeated in the papers, about my own who came before the public, that I—"

"Oh! that will only last for a time; and, besides, it is rather pleasant to have your name in every body's mouth; to see it posted up on walls, and on the sides of houses. I never was annoyed by it—never. With youth and beauty, you will create an immense sensation; a legion of enthusiastic admirers will spring up at once, and give you a leading position on the boards. Those who sacrifice momentary comfort to benefit their fellow creatures, never regret it."

"No, I suppose not."

"You have nothing to fear, Mrs. Burroughs, nothing. And now, about this little amount which you were kind enough to promise me, could you let me have five hundred at present. The expenses of the theatre are positively frightful, and I am afraid, unless your generosity stands between me and ruin, I will be compelled to close the doors before your debut can be arranged. It is very hard to have to retire in the middle of the season, when a little capital will enable me to clear five or six thousand dollars. Black and Ringold would be delighted at my downfall, and their own establishment be more prosperous than ever. Can you—will you assist me?"

"I will certainly procure the sum you require, for it would not do to close the theatre now. Wait here until my return," and she went out of the apartment.

"Poor old Burroughs!" thought the tragedian; "I wouldn't be in his shoes for a trifle. She's a lovely woman, though, and I do think that she is rather taken with me."

Mr. Peter Burroughs was still indulging in visions of approaching bliss when his servant, Thomas, came in, and delivered a message from his wife to the effect that she wished to see him in the large parlor.

This parlor was the neutral ground on which the hostile parties met, and agreed upon the treaties that were to exist between them. Lying between the immediate territories of both, they came there upon an equality, the one being as much at home in the place as the other.

At Mr. Burroughs' threw open the door and stalked in, he found his better half reclining on a lounge, and looking exceedingly fatigued and weary.

"Wants money," thought the grocer, for he understood the symptoms.

"She was firmly resolved not to open his purse."

"You stay out very late at night, now," began Mrs. B.

"What of that? I don't keep you from sleeping, do I?" returned Mr. B.

"No," she said languidly, "not exactly; but it's disagreeable to have the doors open so late, and the neighbors must think it our own fault."

"The neighbors may think whatever they like, madam; I'm not going to accommodate my actions to their prejudices, and shall enter my own house at any hour I deem proper."

"Four hours, Mr. Burroughs! you might have a little consideration for my rights in it."

"I have no right in it, you mean. Do what you please there, and I will not complain; but my apartments are entirely under my own control."

"Oh! I very well."

"Perhaps you want it all to yourself; if you do, say the word, and I'll seek other quarters."

"Monstrous!"

"Or, you may prefer another residence altogether; I have no objection, not the least."

"It is mainly, sir, to treat me in this way!"

"Who commenced it?"

"You did."

"I say I did not."

"Had I anticipated such a joyous existence as this, I would never have placed my existence in the hands of one who disregards the most sacred promises."

"Would to heaven, madam, you had kept your fate, as you call it, to yourself, and not looked to me. I have been sadly disappointed, but it is a just punishment for my insane conduct in marrying you."

"I know not what punishment, sir, would be great enough for your insane conduct ever since."

"There—there, you did not bring me here for the purpose of disputing."

"No, I did not; but your language almost made me forget the object I had in view. Your parsimony is rendering me miserable; I have scarcely funds enough to defray my own expenses, and can hardly go into society on account of taking the articles of dress which every woman of a certain position should have."

Mrs. Burroughs lifted an embroidered handkerchief to her eyes, at the same time peeping out at the corners to mark the effect of her words.

The tradesmen are clamorous for pay," she continued, "and the butcher and the baker and the milliner have all been paid. I have the statement, instead of presenting it, as usual, in the basement."

"Let the butcher come to me, and I will satisfy his demands."

"And the baker?"

"Send him to me."

"And the milliner?"

"Send her to me."

"And the jeweller?"

"Send him to me."

"And the milliner, then—"

"Send them all to me, and I'll pay the debts fairly contracted, but I'm not going to put large sums of money into your hands without knowing how they are to be expended."

"There was better given up all society. There's Mrs. Milman's runaway to-night, which we please—"

"I am too unwell to attend it, Mrs. Burroughs—you must go without me."

"No, I will not; I would be unable to show myself, unless I had several hundred dollars for necessary purchases."

"Mrs. Burroughs, I was extremely disagreeable to Mr. Burroughs; he wanted to get his wife out of the house that night, and unless he yielded to her demand, she would inevitably stay at home. There was nothing to do but to succumb to the pressure of circumstances. Understand me well," he said, "if I consent to minister to your extravagance on this occasion, many days must elapse before you better me again."

"I never ask you, except when I can delay no longer."

"Yes, I comprehend all that. How much do you want?"

"Only a thousand dollars, as you make such a fuss about it."

"A thousand dollars!"

"The milliner's bill is three hundred, the jeweller's—"

"I will do it, if you'll give me leave of it."

"We might fetch her this very night."

"And how?"

"Get a carriage, wait until she leaves the theatre, and then map her up."

"But should anybody be with her?"

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CHAPTER VII.

Burroughs, the Retired Grocer—A Lady Wife—A Model Pair, "Over the Left"—Mum et Tum—Swain in Pay—Money Won't Do Everything—The Coup d'Amour—Mr. Temple, the Manager—His Pay—\$500—Family Financing—Society of Non-Interference—Diamond Out Diamond—Woman's Wit Wins—Bianca and Paolo—Art vs. Husband—The Theory of Theatrical Applause—An Artistic Attitude.

PETER BURROUGHS was lying on a sofa in his house on Fifth avenue, and he had often been very important, or at least, very important to himself. He had formerly been in the wholesale grocery business, but a lucky speculation in railroad stock put a fortune into his pocket, and enabled him to retire into private life. Mr. Burroughs, as he grew old, retained much of his youthful vivacity and fondness for amusement; and, strange to relate, time had not whitened his hair nor whitened the bushy whiskers that curled so naturally and gracefully under his chin; it might have

been suspected that, like the locks of Littlebat Titmouse, Esq., they were something to the barber's manipulations, had not Mr. Burroughs been of too respectable a character to warrant such a supposition. Oh! no! no artificial means whatever were employed in preserving their original softness and beauty.

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"Who is the Captain?"

"A friend of mine."

"I might fetch her this very night."

"And how?"

"Get a carriage, wait until she leaves the theatre, and then map her up."

"But should anybody be with her?"

"That we must postpone the business until a better opportunity. Should it be the old woman, however, we can gag her, and be beyond pursuit before she can make an outcry."

"Very good indeed, Swain."

"Let Thomas meet me at the corner of Broadway and Canal street, and do you be ready to open the door."

"I have introduced many ladies to the stage, some have succeeded, and others failed; but I do not hesitate to say you are the most promising pupil I ever instructed."

"You flatter me, I am certain. My husband will be greatly astonished when he hears of my deed, and will do everything in his power to drive me back into private life."

"Husband!" said Mr. Temple with a contemptuous sneer, "what are husbands when art is concerned? Are husbands to step in and thwart the noblest purposes of genius? Banish him from your mind—he is unworthy of a second thought."

"People will think it very strange that I should go upon the stage. There are so many rumors started, and repeated in the papers, about my own who came before the public, that I—"

"Oh! that will only last for a time; and, besides, it is rather pleasant to have your name in every body's mouth; to see it posted up on walls, and on the sides of houses. I never was annoyed by it—never. With youth and beauty, you will create an immense sensation; a legion of enthusiastic admirers will spring up at once, and give you a leading position on the boards. Those who sacrifice momentary comfort to benefit their fellow creatures, never regret it."

"No, I suppose not."

"You have nothing to fear, Mrs. Burroughs, nothing. And now, about this little amount which you were kind enough to promise me, could you let me have five hundred at present. The expenses of the theatre are positively frightful, and I am afraid, unless your generosity stands between me and ruin, I will be compelled to close the doors before your debut can be arranged. It is very hard to have to retire in the middle of the season, when a little capital will enable me to clear five or six thousand dollars. Black and Ringold would be delighted at my downfall, and their own establishment be more prosperous than ever. Can you—will you assist me?"

"I will certainly procure the sum you require, for it would not do to close the theatre now. Wait here until my return," and she went out of the apartment.

"Poor old Burroughs!" thought the tragedian; "I wouldn't be in his shoes for a trifle. She's a lovely woman, though, and I do think that she is rather taken with me."

Mr. Peter Burroughs was still indulging in visions of approaching bliss when his servant, Thomas, came in, and delivered a message from his wife to the effect that she wished to see him in the large parlor.

This parlor was the neutral ground on which the hostile parties met, and agreed upon the treaties that were to exist between them. Lying between the immediate territories of both, they came there upon an equality, the one being as much at home in the place as the other.

At Mr. Burroughs' threw open the door and stalked in, he found his better half reclining on a lounge, and looking exceedingly fatigued and weary.

"Wants money," thought the grocer, for he understood the symptoms.

"She was firmly resolved not to open his purse."

"You stay out very late at night, now," began Mrs. B.

"What of that? I don't keep you from sleeping, do I?" returned Mr. B.

"No," she said languidly, "not exactly; but it's disagreeable to have the doors open so late, and the neighbors must think it our own fault."

"The neighbors may think whatever they like, madam; I'm not going to accommodate my actions to their prejudices, and shall enter my own house at any hour I deem proper."

"Four hours, Mr. Burroughs! you might have a little consideration for my rights in it."

"I have no right in it, you mean. Do what you please there, and I will not complain; but my apartments are entirely under my own control."

"Oh! I very well."

"Perhaps you want it all to yourself; if you do, say the word, and I'll seek other quarters."

"Monstrous!"

"Or, you may prefer another residence altogether; I have no objection, not the least."

"It is mainly, sir, to treat me in this way!"

"Who commenced it?"

"You did."

"I say I did not."

"Had I anticipated such a joyous existence as this, I would never have placed my existence in the hands of one who disregards the most sacred promises."

"Would to heaven, madam, you had kept your fate, as you call it, to yourself, and not looked to me. I have been sadly disappointed, but it is a just punishment for my insane conduct in marrying you."

"I know not what punishment, sir, would be great enough for your insane conduct ever since."

"There—there, you did not bring me here for the purpose of disputing."

"No, I did not; but your language almost made me forget the object I had in view. Your parsimony is rendering me miserable; I have scarcely funds enough to defray my own expenses, and can hardly go into society on account of taking the articles of dress which every woman of a certain position should have."

Mrs. Burroughs lifted an embroidered handkerchief to her eyes, at the same time peeping out at the corners to mark the effect of her words.

The tradesmen are clamorous for pay," she continued, "and the butcher and the baker and the milliner have all been paid. I have the statement, instead of presenting it, as usual, in the basement."

"Let the butcher come to me, and I will satisfy his demands."

"And the baker?"

"Send him to me."

"And the milliner?"

"Send her to me."

"And the jeweller?"

"Send him to me."

"And the milliner, then—"

"Send them all to me, and I'll pay the debts fairly contracted, but I'm not going to put large sums of money into your hands without knowing how they are to be expended."

"There was better given up all society. There's Mrs. Milman's runaway to-night, which we please—"

"I am too unwell to attend it, Mrs. Burroughs—you must go without me."

"No, I will not; I would be unable to show myself, unless I had several hundred dollars for necessary purchases."

"Mrs. Burroughs, I was extremely disagreeable to Mr. Burroughs; he wanted to get his wife out of the house that night, and unless he yielded to her demand, she would inevitably stay at home. There was nothing to do but to succumb to the pressure of circumstances. Understand me well," he said, "if I consent to minister to your extravagance on this occasion, many days must elapse before you better me again."

"I never ask you, except when I can delay no longer."

"Yes, I comprehend all that. How much do you want?"

"Only a thousand dollars, as you make such a fuss about it."

"A thousand dollars!"

"The milliner's bill is three hundred, the jeweller's—"

"I will do it, if you'll give me leave of it."

"We might fetch her this very night."

"And how?"

"Get a carriage, wait until she leaves the theatre, and then map her up."

"But should anybody be with her?"

"That we must postpone the business until a better opportunity. Should it be the old woman, however, we can gag her, and be beyond pursuit before she can make an outcry."

"Very good indeed, Swain."

"Let Thomas meet me at the corner of Broadway and Canal street, and do you be ready to open the door."

"I have introduced many ladies to the stage, some have succeeded, and others failed; but I do not hesitate to say you are the most promising pupil I ever instructed."

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"Husband!" said Mr. Temple with a contemptuous sneer, "what are husbands when art is concerned? Are husbands to step in and thwart the noblest purposes of genius? Banish him from your mind—he is unworthy of a second thought."

posture you are in now; raise the arm a little, and throw back the head—so.”

Something that sounded just like a kiss followed, and Mr. Temple withdrew. From the house in the Fifth Avenue, he went to the theatre, while Mrs. Burroughs practised for half an hour before the glass, and then dressed for the ball in the evening.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BAND PLAYING.—A question was submitted to us a few weeks ago concerning band playing, in answer to which we stated that old Joe Sweeney was the first to bring band playing before the public. Some additional facts are given by our Philadelphia correspondent, Col. T. Allison Brown, who says:—“Joe Sweeney was the first person that ever played the band in public. Previous to his making a band of it, he used to visit all the Corn Shooking parties in Old Virginia, and there would he sit, and, with his band, let the sounds of music creep in their ears. It was while at one of these gatherings that Caleb Weeks heard Joe picking on the old banjo. He immediately conceived the idea of taking him to New York; and made arrangements accordingly. They arrived in that city, and no sooner arrived than an engagement was effected with Mr. Thomas Hamlin, to appear at the Bowery theatre, and play between the pieces. His success was great, and he was the lion of the town. This was in 1837, and the first band playing in public. From that time to this, improvements have been made on the instrument, and we have performers in any quantity. . . . Leicester never played the banjo. About a year before Sweeney came out, he made his appearance at the old Chatham theatre, then under the management of Wm. Dimeford, and picked on the violin, in imitation of the banjo. He was a highly educated man, and the author of those old songs ‘Jim Along Joe,’ and ‘Sitting on a Rail.’ He died of consumption some years since.”

J. F. Philadelphia.—The money question has never been introduced since Mr. Berger's arrival here, and it is uncertain whether he would play Mr. Pheasant for a certain “equity,” or not; we cannot, therefore, undertake to decide your bet. We incline to the opinion, however, that, on the score of courtesy and etiquette, the one would not issue, nor the other accept, a challenge to play for money, because, as you must be aware, the two gentlemen have been playing the parts of host and guest, respectively. We doubt, also, whether they would even play a set match in public, setting aside all money considerations.

HARRY BLAKE.—1. The jury failed to agree, and he was discharged. 2. You can secure lessons for almost any price; call on Harry Lazarus, 141 Chatham street. 3. When Poole was “himself” he conducted himself well enough, but when under the influence of strong drink, he was apt to be quarrelsome. 4. Our opinion is, that steam fire engines will ultimately supersede the hand machines, at all events, they ought to. 5. The spot for the proposed race between Ward and Chambers has not yet been settled upon. 6. Drop a line to “Bob” perhaps he will let you have a copy.

LEON, Philad'a.—I made a wager a few days ago, with a young man, and in depositing the stakes, he put up counterfeit money. He won the bet. Do you think it should be paid? He now acknowledges that he knew at the time, it was counterfeit, and had I won it, he says he would not have given any other; If your story is correct in every particular, the party you bet with is not entitled to your money; in addition to this, he should be arrested as a dangerous character, for dealing in counterfeit money, knowing it to be such.

L. G. M., Port Perry, C. W.—Having but one trump, and that being taken by the adversary's right bower, he can play any card he may have in hand, on the left bower. He is not compelled to play his ace of spades. His policy would be to hold that back, for if his opponent held no other trumps, it might take a trick.

J. A. V.—It is difficult to get at the precise figures, Jeddo, however, being ahead of all; London next, and Pekin third. London is close upon 3,000,000. 2. Sullivan's fighting weight was about 160 lbs. 3. Was connected with the arsenal. 4. He died in the ring.

J. B., Pittsburgh.—1. Neglecting to take both pieces, it is optional with A whether he takes B's man, or insists on B jumping the other piece. 2. In addition to Cooper, Dan Donnelly beat Hall and Oliver. 3. We do not remember.

SCHUBERT, Philad'a.—1. Now, “Pete” may have had such a challenge in the Clippings, but really we have not time to search our files. 2. He may have been considered the best by some of his friends, but not generally so.

SAND TOP, Grafton.—1. We have not those numbers complete. 2. We consider it Heenan's place to challenge, if he desires another meeting with Morrissey. 3. King is said to be of English birth.

G. H. Richmond, Ind.—We have none of the papers. You can obtain a more complete list in a work published by G. W. Matell, at the office of the New York Police Gazette.

RHADAMANTHUS, Port Jervis.—Did you search “brother Watts” thoroughly? If not, you had better run it over carefully, and when found, make a note of it.

BALIE NICHOL JARVIS.—We have no reason to alter our opinion Douglas electors were on both tickets, and were voted for by the fansists of both States.

W. SNEARER, Atlanta, Ga.—The mistake was yours, as we find by referring to our letter. We cannot insert the other again, except as an advertisement.

JAN LOWRIE, Kingston, N. C.—Yours of the 25th ult., came safely to hand. Thank you for the interest you take in behalf of the Clippings.

BOOKS, Beloit.—You had better refer to the paper in which you say the advertisement appeared. We have no recollection of it.

E. H.—1. It is a matter of opinion—we look upon Boniface as the better man of the two. 2. She is married. 3. We don't know.

T. B. O., Sherbrook, C. E.—The party has left, and moved to another part of the city. We can forward the letter if you say so.

OWEN MCCORMICK.—This is the correct name of the party inquired for in our last, and not Owen M. Cowick, as printed.

AKRON, Indiana.—Money received, and order attended to. Thanks for your good opinion.

CONSTANT READER.—We have seen something similar, and therefore decline “Love's Thoughts.”

T. B. H., Philad'a.—Yes, for a three line advertisement, which appeared in our last.

J. ARVIN.—We cannot continue challenges unless they appear as advertisements.

BONICIA BOY, Dover, N. H.—1. Address H. Jennings, 22 White street. 2. No.

CHESKES, Baltimore.—Lincoln was never a member of the United States Senate.

MOONSHOOT.—We do not know the party well enough to recommend him.

J. M., Sing Sing.—The issue of which you wish a copy is out of print.

J. P. H., Harrison, O.—We gave an account of the Doctor's system a short time since; we have no room for a repetition.

J. F., Madison, Wis.—John Morrissey was born in the year 1831.

E. A. S., Coteau Landing, C. E.—Paper sent Feb. 27.

J. W. BARRATT's address is, P. O., St. Louis, Mo.

J. W. E., Dayton, O.—We have no copy of it.

OSCAR, Batavia.—All right. See elsewhere.

BOOKSELLER, Toronto.—Letter delivered.

JOHN P., Danby.—See answer to J. M.

A. D. S., Westfield.—Nine seconds.

MILKNA.—See elsewhere.

KNOW IT UP.—Were our sensation daily papers “squashed,” we should have less complaints of hard times; but as long as they are encouraged in their false statements, just so long will the panic continue. One moment they inform us that Fort Sumpter has been attacked, and in an hour or so thereafter issue an “extra” to contradict the statement. Now, Chase is in the cabinet, now he isn't, now Seward favors compromise—now he is for coercion. There is no dependence to be placed in our sensation dailies, for they manufacture false reports as fast as they can be swallowed by the public. One half, if not three fourths of the lies with which we are now afflicted, have had their origin in the offices of such papers as the *Charleston Mercury* and *New York Herald*, both edited by foreigners. The people are beginning to open their eyes to this fact. So long as money can be made by keeping up the excitement, just so long will these sensation papers manufacture and circulate their false reports. Washington, in times of danger, placed more trust in Americans on the outside. It would be better for the Union, at present, if Americans exerted a little more influence than they seem to do, and not place themselves in the hands of foreigners altogether.

BULLY BOY.—Well may Buchanan exclaim “What a glad to get out of the wilderness,” for he has had a pretty hard row to hoe for the last six months, and his pathway has not been strewn with flowers. What with traitors in the Cabinet, traitors in the Army, and traitors in the Navy, it is a wonder to us that the ex-President was not popped off on the sly long ago. But for his presumed affinity with the cause of the traitors, we believe he would have been. Old Abe has comfortable prospects ahead, in a hour.

MORRISSEY is not a candidate for office, as stated by the *Day Book*; he bet his money on Lincoln, but voted the other way.

MR. TAY ZROCK is still in the city, but expects to leave for England this week, as the racing season will soon commence there.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCULLING RACE.

PROGRESS OF THE MATCH.

In the proposed International Sculling Match between Chambers and Ward, the representatives, respectively, of England and America, matters are progressing favorably, and the articles submitted to Mr. Ward by Chambers have been considered by the former, and he has sent the following reply to Mr. Farrish, the representative of Chambers in this country:—

New York, March 4th, 1861.

MR. JAS. FARRISH, Sir.—A copy of the rules which Mr. Chambers wishes to have observed in the proposed match between himself and me has been received. They are satisfactory to my friends as well as to myself, and the articles submitted also suit us, with one exception, and that is, where they relate to steamboats, cutters, or craft of any description—or parties in such steamboats, cutters, or craft—interfering with the contesting parties. It is to be presumed that this specification is intended as an instruction to the committee, or committees of arrangements, for the observance of order, on behalf of both men, on the day of the race, or it may be intended as a suggestion for the discretionary power vested in the umpires and referees. As such, it meets our approval; but we cannot assent to its incorporation in the articles of agreement, as it comes under the head of accidents, and it would be impossible for either party to bind themselves to guarantee protection from unforeseen causes. Besides, the insertion of such a clause in the Articles might open the door for the intervention of the friends of either man, who, perceiving the probable result of the contest, might resort to various measures to prevent a defeat of their representative. I trust you will believe us sincere in the desire for the adoption of arrangements satisfactory to both parties; arrangements by which the question of superiority may be tested in a fair and honorable manner. In company with my friends, I will attend at your house on Thursday evening, March 7th, when my first deposit of \$1250 will be placed in the hands of the stakeholder, and on which occasion I will sign the Articles submitted by Mr. Chambers, with the exception of the clause alluded to, which should be left to the umpires and referees.

Yours, respectfully, JESSE WARD.

According to the suggestion of Mr. Chambers and his friends that Mr. Ten Brock should act as stakeholder, that gentleman, who is now in this city, was waited upon to ascertain his views upon the subject, but he respectfully declined the offer, giving as a reason that he intended shortly to leave for England, and that he would remain there for several months. He was then, at the suggestion of Mr. Chambers and his friends, requested to name some responsible party to act, which he promised to take into consideration, and give the committee a reply, but up to Monday, March 4, no response had been received. However, should no selection be made by Thursday evening, a temporary stakeholder will be appointed, in whose hands Mr. Ward's first deposit of \$1250 will be placed for the time being; and a notification of this fact, together with the articles as signed by Mr. Ward, will be forwarded to Mr. Chambers by the steamer leaving here on Saturday, 9th inst. Thus matters stand at present.

CRICKET IN PROSPECTIVE.

The warm days of this season of the year, just past, have started the enthusiasm and budding hopes of the lovers of this game; the dusty willows have been drawn from their scabbards, matches of the past season have been talked over, matches for the future discussed, and not a few, we hear, have been made. Spring meetings will soon be on the tapis, and the annual convention, hitherto held in this city, will soon be on the docket, to take place in Philadelphia, the “star of empire,” so far as native cricket is concerned, having taken a decided lead in that direction. The game in this vicinity, will, judging from indications, receive quite an impulse on the “forward march,” the coming season. The New York club has secured its old grounds, on which they will again develop their muscle, and promulgate their “union” principles in cricket, and hold out the right hand of fellowship to all of the right stamp. They are arranging several excellent matches, and their enthusiasm is at concert pitch. The St. George is also alive, and some of their prominent members have been already taking preliminary practice at Breth's, in the Bowery. What their intentions and prospects are, we are not sufficiently in their confidence to know. We might ask the question, however, do they intend taking up the challenge standing against them now and for all time, issued by the New York club last season? The Manhattan club also enters the campaign with confidence and zeal. The turn out on practice days, for which they are especially noted, and the liberal hand which they hold out to the artisan, cannot help but strengthen their ranks, and we shall not be surprised if we have the pleasure of recording a majority of victories in their favor.

On Long Island, the prospects are generally encouraging; at least, so we should infer from the account given us by the President of the Satellite Club, the only one we have as yet heard from. They have added to their strength very materially, both in numbers and skilled players, and the treasury bath its load of shiners already deposited, wherewith to pay the expenses of the season, including the hospitalities they intend to dispense to their opponents. Their name—Satellite—appears to have something prophetic about it, for truly, their career has been a rapid and upward one.

The Kings County, Queens County, and Long Island Clubs, will doubtless be heard from in due season, and their names will be as heretofore, inscribed on the cricketers' scroll of fame—*THE CLIPPERS*. The Philadelphians, Bostonians, Lowellians, Cincinnatians, Chicagoans, New Orleansians, and all the other cricketers will be sure to be heard from as the season advances. We must have no succession in this business, but shall be glad to learn that any number of the union-loving will “link on” from the inland States to the “sea ward,” “back-hand-in-hand” for victory, and when the ball is handed over on each occasion of victory and defeat, never to miss—“Up in high,” or miss “hooray,” for your friendly opponents. Only one party can win at a time, so when you get beaten, don't repine, or get vexed, but just lay quietly by, take your practice regularly, and prepare to give ‘em fits next time. Now boys, let her rip, and keep the ball moving.

DOG FIGHTERS.—DESCENT OF THE POLICE.—ARREST OF HARRY JENNINGS.—On Monday evening, February 25th, Harry Jennings, of 22 White street, was arrested by the Fifth Ward police, on the charge of keeping a disorderly house, where dog-fighting, and such like entertainments are practised, and where disorderly characters do congregate. Jennings was locked up for the time being, but subsequently bailed out, we understand, by Dutch John.

On the following night, notwithstanding the arrest, a dog-fight took place at the same locality, on the quiet, between Jake Roome's deaf dog and a dog belonging to Dutch John. The fight lasted 28 minutes, and was won by Roome's dog.

Harry Jennings is one of the quietest men engaged in the business of dog-fighting, and does his best to keep order in his house, but it is a herculean task for one man. There are other dog-fighting establishments which we understand, will shortly be visited by the police, if they persist in their relations of the law. What has been done with the case of McLaughlin, who was arrested some months ago for keeping a disorderly place, fighting dogs, etc.? Has the case been “amicably settled,” according to the usual mode, or is judgment still hanging over the offender? We warned the frequenters of these places some time ago, that the police had such establishments under notice, and that spectators were as liable to arrest as the proprietors. Let them heed the caution, for the next descent will be made upon an up-town pit. We presume an example will have to be made of some of the dog-fighters before the evil is abolished. If detected in fighting matches on the sly, or with barred doors, the punishment will be more severe. All such disreputable sports had better be discontinued, especially in a city where “dog poisoning” is one of the modes of winning a battle, and the stakes.

CHARACTERISTIC.—Sunday before last we assisted at the Light street Baptist Church, in receiving the Rev. Isaac M. Kallioch, of Kansas. The clergyman gave as a text: “And the wrath of man shall praise Him.” He argued that every bad action of man was over-ruled for good, and that what was to be couldn't be frustrated. To verify his assertion, he cited the history of Joseph: his being sold into Egypt; getting into favor with the King; his affair with Potiphar's wife; being cast into prison, etc., etc. It will be fresh in the minds of all newspaper readers, that a certain preacher man was once in a similar position to Joseph of old, he being found with a wife of one of his parishioners, cloistered in a notorious house near Boston, guzzling whiskey skins and acting otherwise unbecomingly a minister of the gospel. The same “dispenser of the gospel,” now takes every occasion of comparing his position with Joseph's, and it forms the burden of all his discourse. But we rather think the gentleman overshoots the mark, as he is said to have revelled in Mrs. Potiphar's charms, while Joseph flew from the spot in haste. Does any one see the similitude between Joseph and the whiskey skin man. For our part, we “don't see it!”

GREAT PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

The following challenge appeared in the New York Herald last week:—

“W. T. Binley, proprietor of the Elephant and Castle, 101 Spring street, has a friend who is prepared to match G. A. Adams for \$2,000 to walk 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours. The challenge to remain open for one week. \$500 can be put up as a forfeit on Monday evening next. The editor of the Clippings, or any other responsible man, can be made stakeholder.”

We have since been informed that a sporting gentleman, who, like thousands of others, doubts the feasibility of such a performance, has accepted the challenge, and offered to back old Father Time against the pedestrian. The parties were to have met on Monday evening, 4th inst., at Binley's, to sign the articles of agreement by which the match is to be governed, and to make the first deposit. The match is to be for the sum of \$2,000 a side, G. A. Adams stipulating to walk fifteen hundred (1500) miles in one thousand (1000) consecutive hours, making one mile and a half in each hour; in the event of his failing so to do, the backer of Time to be awarded the stakes. Should the pedestrian succeed in performing the feat, then the \$4,000 will be awarded to him. It has been arranged that the match shall take place at Palace Garden, corner of Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue, and that the pedestrian shall commence his difficult task on Saturday, 16th of March. It has also been arranged that each party shall choose men to watch, and also that the editor of the Clippings shall appoint a man, who shall be sworn before a commissioner to keep a true and faithful account of the proceedings while he may be on the watch, a contemporary to appoint a watcher also, and he to be sworn. It is a feat very difficult of accomplishment, to walk 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, and if Mr. Adams, “or any other man,” can do it, we shall be happy to give him full credit.

EXCITEMENT ABOUT THE MESSAGE.—Just as we are closing up our columns for the present issue, there is a perfect crush in the street in front of our office, formed of those anxious to obtain the earliest copies of the message of the newly inaugurated President; and the slightest and most excited tones of these busy caterers to such wants, the newsboys, are put forth on this to them important occasion. Even boys, a most unusual occurrence, stand heedless of all else, and literally devour this “State Document,” generally assumed to be for older and wiser heads. We can understand this feeling, and even appreciate it. “O'D Abel” has, at last, spoken; and his words come forth most potentially laden with the wealth of millions. It is one of the most responsible positions of the present day. If just and right, if peace and humanity rule in its tone—happy for the millions of our land, and, even farther, to many millions of the civilized world not of our immediate race and name; if folly and blind madness, and mere will prevail; we then to all interests of humanity over a region of earth not easy to be measured. Woe and waste, fire and blood, anarchy, and every evil that can befall man, rise before us, if he is misguided now. Europe joins America in the feverishly anxious inquiry—“What does he say?”

THE MORMONS.—Twice every Sunday, at the Odion, Williamsburgh, these deluded creatures have public worship, endeavoring to increase their number prior to the 16th of June, when they make tracks for Salt Lake. They are composed chiefly of English emigrants, and every woman we saw had an infant in her arms—the principal part of their religion. Elders Snow and Pratt look used up and consumptive, and we inwardly felt like practising a little science on them, but Brother Jones, who does all their fighting, is as big, but a much better shaped man than John C. Heenan. He was the only man we respected, “cause why?” his size.

TOM HYER.—This celebrated delineator of the science of manual defence is a candidate for the office of U. S. Marshal, of New York, which position is now occupied by Isaiah Rynders. Mr. Hyer's claims are advocated by some very influential members of the Republican party, and we should be happy to chronicle his success; but we much fear that the office will be given to another. However, it is very probable that, should Tom be unsuccessful in his efforts for the Marshalship, he will receive some appointment worthy of his abilities, and which will pay him a handsome salary. Mr. Hyer did the party much service in the November election, and should not be forgotten in the general distribution.

THE SPEECH.—Just as we are ready to go to press, the newsboys are here, there, and everywhere, disposing of their extras, containing the inaugural address of Abraham Lincoln. At the same time, there has been an alarm of fire, and a big steam engine has been pulled from its house opposite our window. It is to be hoped that the speech and the alarm have really nothing in common with each other—that the latter is not ominous of what will accrue from the former. Meanwhile, everybody here is reading the speech, and everybody elsewhere is awaiting it.

BILLIARDS IN CINCINNATI.—A match game of 600 points up, was played in that city on the 22d ult., between an ex-Alderman and an amateur from Chicago, at Frank Rother's saloon. The Alderman beat his opponent by 21 points. The largest runs were 63 and 43, and the average was 16 points.

HEENAN IS STILL IN NEW ORLEANS. Having taken sides against the present administration, it is not probable that Uncle Abe will favor John with an office. However, the Boy is doing very well where he is, and will remain there for some time longer.

WALKER.—WESTON ON HIS TRAMP TO WASHINGTON.—Mr. E. P. Weston, the Boston man, who lost a bet by the election of Lincoln, has already become a man of note in the country. Concerning this curious wager, it is stated that Mr. W., the party referred to, was of the opinion that the great rail splitter could not be elected by the people, and, as a proof of his sincerity, agreed to walk from Boston to Washington within ten days, in the event of Lincoln's success. Having been mistaken in his political views, he was bound to set out on his shank's mare journey from the State House, Boston, at noon, on Washington's birthday. He was to perform the journey, 453 miles, in 208 hours, and be present at the inauguration. The following is the table of time and distances which was prepared by Mr. Weston prior to his start.

Miles.	Arrive at	FROM BOSTON.
21—Framington, 6 P. M.	Tea	
23—Worcester, midnight.	Lunch	
FEBRUARY 23.		
20—East Brookfield, 7 A. M.	Breakfast	
20—Palmer, 2 P. M.	Dinner	
15—Longmeadow, 8 P. M.	Tea and Retire	
FEBRUARY 24—SUNDAY.		
20—Hartford, 12 P. M.	Dinner	
20—Wallingford, 10 P. M.	Retire	
FEBRUARY 25.		
15—New Haven, 8 A. M.	Breakfast	
17—Bridgeport, 1 P. M.	Dinner	
14—Norwalk, 6 P. M.	Tea	
8—Stamford, 9 P. M.	Retire	
FEBRUARY 26.		
9—Rye, 7 A. M.	Breakfast	
14—Williambridge, 12 M.	Dinner	
11—New York, 4 P. M.	Lunch	
9—Newark, 8 P. M.	Tea and Retire	
FEBRUARY 27.		
10—Rahway, 7 A. M.	Breakfast	
12—New Brunswick, 12 P. M.	Dinner	
17—Princeton, 6 P. M.	Tea	
9—Trenton, 9 P. M.	Retire	
FEBRUARY 28.		
11—Bristol, 7 A. M.	Breakfast	
22—Philadelphia, 3 P. M.	Dinner	
11—Lancaster, 6 P. M.	Tea	
4—Chester, 8 P. M.	Retire	
MARCH 1.		
13—Wilmington, 7 A. M.	Breakfast	
18—Eton, 12 P. M.	Dinner	
19—Havre de Grace, 6 P. M.	Tea	
6—Aberdeen, 9 P. M.	Retire	
MARCH 2.		
13—Magnolia, 7 A. M.	Breakfast	
16—Canton, 12 P. M.	Dinner	
2—Baltimore, 2 P. M.	Lunch	
9—Washington Junction, 6 P. M.	Tea	
8—Annapolis Junction, 9 P. M.	Retire	
MARCH 3.		
13—Point's Branch, 1 A. M.	Lunch	
8—Washington, 4 A. M.	“Finish”	

It appears, however, that a slight alteration has been made in the above programme since the traveler set out on his journey. He was behind time at New Haven, which place he reached on the 25th, at 2 P. M. The heavy snows to the northward delayed him six hours beyond his appointed time, and a considerable crowd, which had spent the morning in waiting for him, was much diminished when he arrived, though during his stay, it was augmented again, and many persons followed him, when he resumed his journey at 5 P. M. He was not fatigued, apparently, by his tramp of 139 miles, and felt confident of completing his undertaking. He

did not arrive in New York until the 27th, at about 11 o'clock A. M., and set out the same afternoon on a march through New Jersey, and left Jersey City the same evening on a little walk to Washington.

The pedestrian did not reach Philadelphia until Friday, in which city he took dinner; he looked very much exhausted, and evidently produced a terrible degree of stiffness in the lower extremities, and, to add to his misfortune, he had suffered a sprain in his right ankle, which was likely to interfere very much with his locomotion. He expected to reach Washington on Sunday evening, but up to the time of our going to press, on Monday, we had no intelligence of his arrival there. Mickey Free passed through Philadelphia on Friday, 1st March, and of course looked much fresher than the Boston ped.

INTERESTING STEAM FIRE ENGINE MATCH.—A correspondent, “Fair Play,” writing from Philadelphia under date of Feb. 23rd, gives us the following account of a trial of steam fire engines, the production, respectively, of New York and Philadelphia mechanics. It will be read with interest by all who are anxious for the perfection and universal introduction of this powerful and tireless extinguisher of conflagrations. He says:—“DEAR CLIPPER.—Being a constant reader of your columns, and wishing to see you, as ever, a good deal of other papers, I send you a few notes in respect to our late steam fire engine trial; the contestants being the ‘Cochokunk,’ built by Lee & Larned, of New York; and the ‘Philadelphia,’ built by Reaney, Leary & Co., of this city. The ‘Cochokunk’ is a first class engine, weighing five thousand and odd lbs. The ‘Philadelphia,’ a first class engine, weighing some eight thousand lbs. The latter used 1½ inch nozzle to the former's 1¼. The time agreed on for playing was 30 min., the distance reached to be averaged. The judges were Mr. Morrison, of the ‘Southwark Hose,’ for the ‘Cochokunk,’ and Mr. Eckert, of ‘Good Will’ Engine Co., for the ‘Philadelphia.’ ‘Dad’ Standiford, of the ‘Worcester’ Engine Co., officiated as referee. Mr. Collins, of the N. Y. Fire, ran their engine, and Mr. Neal, of Philadelphia, theirs. The stakeholder was Mr. Fred. Genger, of the firm of Genger, Son & Co., of New York. The match was made some four weeks since by Mr. E. Rath, of the ‘Cochokunk,’ and Mr. James Parry, designer and builder of the ‘Philadelphia,’ for \$100 a side; the playing to come off at the Kensington Basin, on Thursday, Feb. 23rd; both parties to be on the ground at two o'clock. Long before the hour named, the crowd began to gather, and before the playing commenced there were from five to ten thousand people present, not an inconceivable portion waiting to witness.

Everything being ready, Rath and Parry tossed for choice of playing, which was won by Rath and, of course, ‘Philadelphia’ had to play first. This she did, and at the conclusion of her trial the judges awarded her 214 ft. average distance. Upon this announcement being made, the betting changed in favor of the ‘Cochokunk,’ it having previously rated at 6 to 4, and, in some cases, at 2 to 1, in favor of ‘Philadelphia.’ On opening her valves, the ‘Cochokunk’ played right up to 255 ft., but in three minutes, owing to the wood used, she fell off in pressure of steam from 260 lbs., to only 60, and from a reach of 255 ft. distance to 150. Amidst much excitement she remained at about those figures for twelve minutes, when she ran her steam up to about 260 ft., but too late to win. On the conclusion of her efforts the judges pronounced her average achievement to be 183 ft., her rival winning by 33 ft. But her boys bore their defeat as well as could be expected. The ‘Philadelphia’s’ boys pulled her out with four horses, decorated with plumes and flags, the engine itself covered with bunting, and conspicuously emblazoned upon it appeared the word, Champion! The judges had a pretty difficult task before them to ascertain and equalize the different measurements, the solid body of the steam engine being measured, spray being ruled out. All parties, however, were perfectly satisfied with the decision.

A BET AND A DEBT.—In the month of October, when political excitement ran high, it appears that Geo. C. Bennett, publisher of the *Williamsburgh Times*, and Augustus Ivins, made the following bet:—Augustus Ivins bets Geo. C. Bennett \$100 against \$20 that he can prove, by a responsible Abolitionist, that Bennett, said to be an Abolitionist, thereby implying that he was a Republican, with political Abolitionism. Signed, AUGUSTUS IVINS, Oct. 25, 1860. Geo. C. Bennett.

Wm. Whelan, barkeeper at East New York, was made stakeholder. In corroboration of his statement, Ivins produced an affidavit from Mr. Geo. Fisher, to the effect that Bennett had in his presence and hearing, acknowledged himself an Abolitionist; consequently the money was handed over to Ivins. Bennett kicked at this, and for his \$20, and on the 26th ult. gained a decision in his favor. Now, we have no objections to whatever opinions a man may entertain, be they abolition or otherwise, nor do we object to a man making bets thereon; but we have a decided aversion to this “sneaking recovery,” which is tantamount to securing all chances to win, with none to lose. It is a man is afraid of losing his money, he should bet a far more honorable course than to sue. Our legislature would do wisely to repeal this absurd law, on which this recovery was obtained. Men will bet, despite the statute making it illegal, which only adds to the opportunities for swindling and cheating, and which no honorable man will take advantage of. It is only giving a premium to the dishonesty inclined, to play their sneaking operations. To make a bet, and, after losing, sue with the positive knowledge that the suit will be gained, is a “dead beat.”

THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Also, wines, liquors, cigars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the Clippings, and other sporting papers are kept. Here you may be seen numerous portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, Dan C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Pa'dock, Bob Bretton, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cann, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillingham, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A. room and other celebrities are also at all times in readiness for

and good things in general. The fairy piece, it is said, is full of smart bits, while in point of scenery, dresses, and effects, likely to prove itself a real "blaze of triumph."

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.
THE AVONILES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 3rd Ave.
29-3m.
HARRY KAHN, President

THE AVONITES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 8th Ave
29-3m* HARRY KAHN, President

CRICKET IN 1860

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND SKETCHES BY "BOB."—The eighth of Dickens' entire works has just reached us. It contains division of "David Copperfield," and the commencement of brated Sketches, undoubtedly the best specimens of the genius. pp. 167. Published by Peterson Brothers, No 306 street, Philadelphia. Price, 25 cents.

THE LANGUAGE OF CHESS UNIVERSAL—Recently, an interesting lecture on chess was delivered by Hler Lowenthal, the celebrated Hungarian player, in London. He had, he said, discovered there was a bond of brotherhood, or kind of free-masonry, to chess players. Having been driven from his own country on political trouble, he found himself a perfect stranger in New York with no friends, and totally ignorant of the English language, so a makeshift sign by which he might make himself understood was illustrated. This chess problem is an American paper published in the city, his despair gave way to hope having called at the office of the journal he was introduced to chess club, where he received the greatest hospitality and news, and where he found a language in which he could converse with strange people—the language of chess.

which was held at the New York Y. C. Club, was a very successful one. The first match was between the United States and the United Kingdom, which was won by the United States. The second match was between the United States and the United Kingdom, which was won by the United States. The third match was between the United States and the United Kingdom, which was won by the United States. The fourth match was between the United States and the United Kingdom, which was won by the United States. The fifth match was between the United States and the United Kingdom, which was won by the United States. The sixth match was between the United States and the United Kingdom, which was won by the United States. The seventh match was between the United States and the United Kingdom, which was won by the United States. The eighth match was between the United States and the United Kingdom, which was won by the United States. The ninth match was between the United States and the United Kingdom, which was won by the United States. The tenth match was between the United States and the United Kingdom, which was won by the United States.

RACE BALL CHALLENGER—The Champion Race Ball Club, recently known as the Gotham Junior, challenge the first title of the Astor-Senior, Ball Club, to a match game on the Champion's grounds at Hoboken, to take place at any time within three months. Combinations sent to Barclay Watson, 86 East 15th street, New York, will be attended to instantly.

A GOOD GAME ON A GOOD DAY—An amateur of Boston celebrates Washington's Birthday on the 22nd ult., by making a run of the points in the French three ball game, at the Union Club House, 11 Washington street. This is merely up to any of Berger's runs in the above city. The player's name is Mr. George Walker.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Reviews, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Amusement Profession.

BILL POSTERS UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to.

Indianapolis, Ind. Daily Sentinel Office. 41-5m
 Baltimore, Md. J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker, No. 12 North Street, basement. 41
 Albany, N. Y. J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20-9m
 Troy, N. Y. A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 33-6m
 Boston. Peter Kelly, No. 2, Williams' Court. 44-3m

BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE.

Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
 JERRY NEIL and DAN BRYANT, Managers and Proprietors.
 OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-Renowned BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:

JERRY BRYANT, DAN BRYANT, D. S. WAMBOLD,
 F. B. HAZEL, J. H. FORD, G. H. PURKEY,
 W. W. GOULD, D. D. EMMETT, J. H. HILTON,
 W. L. BOBBIS, G. W. CHARLES, T. M. NORTON,
 T. J. PEELE, and NEIL BRYANT.

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c. The first to introduce the following popular acts:

Assurance of Old Virginia,
 Scenes at Plaines,
 The Three Hunters,
 The Garretters,
 Dural MacDill Darroll's,
 Miss Isidore Fling,
 Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gomer, Whose Wheel Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Mounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.

Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE.

(Late Orway Hall).
 OPEN EVERY EVENING during the WEEK,
 For the representation of
 ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS
 In all its Departments, by the world renowned and only
 MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,
 Consisting of the following first class Talent.

FRED HESS,
 A. A. THAYER, J. S. GILBERT,
 R. SANDS, D. J. MAGUNNIS,
 E. W. PRESCOTT, MAST. GETTINGS,
 R. M. CARROLL, J. C. TROWBRIDGE,
 CARL TROUTMAN, JOHNNY PELL,
 AUGUST SCHNEIDER, BILLY MORRIS,
 J. P. ENDRES, LON MORRIS.

The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.

45 LON MORRIS, Manager.

MOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.

From Niblo's Saloon, Broadway, New York.
 R. M. MOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, Proprietors.
 N. B.—The management tender their sincere acknowledgments for the very kind and liberal patronage bestowed upon them on the occasion of their previous trip through the Western country, and beg leave to announce that they will start on their Second Annual Tour on Wednesday, March 6, 1861, with an entirely new entertainment, and the most talented company of artists ever brought together under one organization.

LOOK AT THE COMPANY!

Whose names are too well known to need further comment.

R. M. MOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL,
 G. W. H. GRIFFIN, BEN OTTON,
 JOHNNY DULEY, ROLLIN HOWARD,
 G. W. CHARLES, J. C. REEVES,
 E. J. MEVILLE, E. RUCK,
 H. H. SCHMITZ, CHARLES WERNIG,
 W. H. SIMMONS.

For particulars see Programmes and Posters.

47 J. C. FARR, Agent.

WILSON & MORRIS.

Fifteen Star Performers.
 First Annual Tour previous to
 THEIR OPENING IN BOSTON.
 Look at this array of talent.

CHARLEY BACKUS,
 the great Ethiopian Comedian from California.
 Mr. CHAS. REYNOLDS,
 ADD. WEAVER, LITTLE BARNEY,
 S. P. EMERY, A. JONES,
 FRED WILSON,
 M. T. SKIFF, W. A. FIELD,
 P. OORDUKES, G. BOSWALLS,
 J. D. BURTON, W. H. BROCKWAY,
 CHAS. W. MORRIS.

We, the management, contend that WE have the best Quartette, the best Musicians, the funniest Comedians, the best Dancers and the best Properties in the Ethiopian Profession. In all of the above statements we count criticism and defy competition.

FRED. WILSON, CHAS. A. MORRIS & W. H. BROCKWAY,
 Proprietors.

48 CHAS. W. MORRIS, Agent.

MRS. MATT. PELL'S CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

Comprising
 FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.
 Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumerable patrons with their
 BEAUTIFUL SINGING,
 LUDICROUS BURLESQUES,
 UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING,
 OPERATIC BURLESQUE, &c., &c.,
 entirely original with this Company, who now hold the palm of superiority over all other Travelling Companies, and the only Troupe in the world that has the undisputed right to the name of
 CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

NO CARDS EXPLANATORY.
 NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY.
 NO FOUL MOUTHED SLANDERS.

As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who were obliged by law to drop the name of Campbell's.

"VENI, VIDI, VICI."

Particulars of the evenings amusement always observed in the distributing programmes of the day.

49 J. T. HUNTLEY, Manager.

THE WORLD RENOWNED.

JOHNNY BOOKER & HARRY EVARTS' MINSTRELS.
 Comprising the greatest diversity of talent of any Company ever organized, consisting of the following BRILLIANT ARRAY OF STARS—

JOHNNY BOOKER, HARRY EVARTS,
 DICK SLATER, S. S. LUDY,
 ROBT. LANE, THOS. JEFFERSON,
 G. L. HALL, G. H. WARRE,
 A. C. STONE, HERR HECK,

whose talent and ability have won for them golden opinions throughout the New England States, are now on their Western tour, and will visit Hamilton, C. W., Detroit, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, &c. Any person wishing to negotiate with the above will please direct to St. James' Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., immediately. 46-4f

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.

RETURNED FROM HAVANA, CUBA.
 In consequence of the yellow fever making its ravages among our members, and taking from us some of our prominent performers—by death—we were, for the safety of the remaining ones, compelled to forfeit all engagements and leave the island for home. The misfortune that befell us has caused the management to disorganize until the 10th of March, when the Company will be made up for their regular Spring and Summer Tour. Artists of acknowledged talent, such as instrumental and vocalists, wishing to negotiate for the season of eleven months, will address

41-4f RUMSEY & NEWCOMB, 472 Broadway.

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
 SYLVESTER HLECKER, Proprietor and Manager
 FROM WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELRY,
 561 and 563 Broadway, N. Y.

Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS and PIECES, illustrative of
 31-4f SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY.

TO MANAGERS AND ACTORS—A true American Comedy to be disposed of. Apply to GOMA, at this office.

AMERICAN HOTEL.

HARTFORD, CONN.
 A. S. PLIMPTON.
 (Adjoining the House.)
 Well fitted for Theatricals, Concerts, &c. For business of the Hall, address [47-1] W. P. CHAMBERLAIN, Chief Police.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE, DETROIT.

—Mr. E. T. SHERLOCK has resumed the management of the establishment. Mrs. Susan Denn is now playing a brilliant engagement there under his management. Brass wishing nights, will address

47-4f E. T. SHERLOCK, Theatre, Detroit.

FRANK BEACH, Gymnast.

who was injured for in our last, by a Rocky Mountain correspondent, may be found at the National Gymnasium, 23d street and Eighth Avenue, New York city. 47

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY.

PEAK FAMILY,
 VOCALISTS, HARPISTS, AND
 SWISS BELL RINGERS
 IN THE WORLD.

GRAND CONSOLIDATION OF THE SEPARATE COMPANIES.

Having re-organized and enlarged for their Annual Tour of 1861. The following talent is now connected with the Troupe—

W. PEAK, Sr., LISETTE M. PEAK,
 MRS. W. PEAK, ANNIE PEAK,
 WM. H. PEAK, MASTER EDDIE PEAK,
 MRS. WM. H. PEAK, MASTER FRANK PEAK,
 & LEWIS M. PEAK.

They will start on their SIXTEENTH ANNUAL TOUR December 15th, visiting Ohio, New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine; and will appear in their new Swiss Costume, introducing their

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SILVER BELLS,
 Imported expressly for this Company, and the only set of SILVER BELLS ever manufactured.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

The Proprietors wish it distinctly understood that they are the Only Original Troupe of Bell Ringers now travelling under the name of the Peak Family, having been established since 1839, and during that time have visited all the principal towns and cities in the United States; have been travelling as two companies for the past two years, and now Consolidate, making one of the largest Concert Companies in the world. We wish to caution the public that no other Troupe have the right to announce themselves as the Peak Family.

W. & W. H. PEAK, Proprietors.
 C. C. CHASE, Manager and Business Agent. 43-4f

TO THE PUBLIC AND WHO ARE THE GLASS BLOWERS?—The only company of glass blowers that have any reputation as artists in this line, are the "Bohemian Troupe," now exhibiting every evening, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, at Musical Hall, Brooklyn, corner of Fulton and Orange streets, at which place they exhibited last season for seventeen consecutive weeks. This Company have on exhibition two low pressure steam engines, and one oscillating engine, all of which are made entirely of glass, and the only ones in the world ever made entirely from that material. As a guarantee of this fact, this company will pay the sum of \$15,000 to any person or persons that can produce a duplicate specimen of either of the low pressure engines, and \$10000 to any person for a facsimile of any specimen of the art made by this well known troupe. This notice, and these rewards, are presented to public attention, as a caution against certain impostors, who are not satisfied with deceiving the public as to their own abilities, but must needs take unto themselves the name and fame of this, the only and original Bohemian troupe of glass workers. This company, composed of American and English artists, adopted the name "Bohemian Troupe of Glass Workers," from the fact that they, on their first organization, imported for the first time into the United States, those fine colors in glass which are so famed throughout the world, but through their exertions and scientific directions, the same is now manufactured by the New England Factory, East Cambridge, Mass. This scientific company is composed of the following artists:—G. A. Woodroffe, C. A. Woodroffe, W. Woodroffe, E. Haggarty, C. H. Carling, and Mrs. G. A. Woodroffe. T. M. Barrows accompanied the Troupe. E. Tait, Treasurer; C. E. Carling is Agent and Business Manager. 44-4f

UNSWORTH'S MINSTRELS.

UNSWORTH, EUGENE & DONNIKER, Proprietors.
 These talented and world renowned performers have formed a partnership, and respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they will appear at all the principal cities of the United States and the Canada, during the ensuing season. The organization consists of the following brilliant

GALAXY OF STAR PERFORMERS, viz:

JAMES UNSWORTH, EUGENE,
 J. DONNIKER, RAPHAEL ABECCO,
 JULIUS STRATTON, T. HAYES,
 C. O'NEIL, SIGNOR MORO,
 J. FROST, H. IRIGG,
 M. LOOMIS, B. O. JONES,
 H. KERRY, Agent. J. V. JOHNSON,
 46-4f LOUIS A. ZWISLER, Business Manager.

BURTS' VARIETIES, BROOKLYN.

Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets.
 B. L. PACKARD, Proprietor
 J. L. DAVIS, Treasurer
 W. H. SIMMONS, Stage Manager

We shall adhere to the old motto—
 WITHOUT VULGARITY.

New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 45

THE GREAT CONGRESS OF ARTISTS.

COOL WHITE, FIFTEEN PERFORMERS, Stage Manager.
 The public is respectfully informed that this
 GREAT COMBINATION OF STARS,
 Composed of the
 ELITE OF THE PROFESSION,
 Are now on their grand tour, and will give a series of their UNAPPROACHABLE ETHIOPIAN ENTERTAINMENTS
 In all the principal cities of the United States.

In the repertoire of this troupe will be found all the GEMS OF MINSTRELRY, together with many
 NEW AND ORIGINAL NOVELTIES.
 Previous to the performance, every evening,
 UNAPPROACHABLE ETHIOPIAN ENTERTAINMENTS.

Led by AUGUST ASCHER, will give a FREE BALCONY CONCERT.

Observe the List of Artists:

BILLY BIRCH, CHARLEY FOX,
 D. S. WAMBOLD, AUGUST ASCHER,
 H. BIDAUX, N. OHL,
 J. ANDREWS, A. BRIETKOPF,
 H. LEHMANN, C. H. SPAILDING,
 MAST. ALBERTINI, J. EASTMEAD,
 W. BRUNS, and

COOL WHITE.

For particulars see Posters, Descriptive Bills, Pictorials, and Programmes.

Admission, 25 cents.

PHILO A. CLARK, Agent.

UNEQUALLED AND INCOMPARABLE.

DOUBLE TROUPE AND BRASS BAND.

EVERY MEMBER IS A STAR IN HIS OWN BUSINESS.

THE LARGEST, MOST TALENTED AND COMPLETE

MINSTREL TROUPE IN THE WORLD.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S ORIGINAL

NEW ORLEANS & METROPOLITAN OPERA TROUPE

AND MAMMOTH BRASS BAND.

Are performing through the Southern country, and meeting with the greatest success, during these hard and exciting times, on record.

They have lately visited Mobile, Selma, Marion, Montgomery, Columbus, Macon, Atlanta, Madison, Athens, Augusta, Savannah and Charleston, and their houses have been crowded every night.

In some instances they have been obliged to turn people away. At present the Company consists of the following gentlemen, which are the very flower of Ethiopian Artists:—

J. E. GREEN, C. ROVER, E. N. SLOCUM,
 MONS. C. LAVILLER, J. F. BOWLES, J. H. CARLTON,
 L. J. DONNELLY, JOHN H. HAYES, AINSLEY SCOTT,
 W. H. LAVILLER, MASTER CHARLEY, PETER DUPREZ,
 NELSE SEYMOUR, W. B. LAPONT, P. J. PRATT,
 N. D. FRAZEE, G. F. WRIGHT, GEO. H. SURGENS,
 and CHAS. H. DUPREZ.

They appear nightly in their grand and unapproachable Ethiopian entertainments, introducing the latest and best gems of Minstrelsy.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.—We would most respectfully inform our friends and patrons that for the past four years this Company has been under the management of Shorey, Duprez & Green, until the 1st of January, 1861. Owing to some private trouble, which has been brewing a long time, it was found necessary to effect a change in the Band for the future. Therefore we dissolved partnership on the 26th of December, 1860, at Baton Rouge, La., and re-organized in New Orleans on the 28th of December, for only two days afterwards, under the present management. J. G. H. Shorey is not now connected in any way, shape or form, with this Troupe, and has no interest in the party whatever. Any debts contracted by the said Shorey will be on his own responsibility, and not the Company's.

For particulars see Posters, Descriptive Bills, Pictorials, and Programmes.

Admission, 25 cents.

PHILO A. CLARK, Agent.

ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE.—The Dramatic Season of this establishment having closed, St. Louis Opera House, the largest, most elegant and most comfortable Theatre in St. Louis, (the great Metropolis of the West,) will be for rent for Opera, Concerts, Drama, Lectures, &c., at very fair conditions. For terms and particulars apply to HENRY BOERNSTEIN, Publisher, Anzeiger des Westens, and Lessee of St. Louis Opera House.

St. Louis, (Mo.) Feb. 18, 1861. 46-3m

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, is ready to negotiate with a "Star" or "Troupe" as Business Agent. Letters addressed to "City Item" Office, Philadelphia, will reach him.

39-3f

SEYMOUR'S BRIGALIA AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 152 Canal street.

The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire. Country correspondents, to insure a ready answer, will please enclose a stamp. No business done on Sunday. 51-4f

PROFESSOR J. H. ANDERSON, Jr., Wizard of the World, commenced his Solenne Fantastiques at St. James' Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on Monday, Feb. 18, and was to continue for two weeks. Pianist, Mr. W. S. Tricels; Assistant, Mr. T. Jefferson; Business Agent, Mr. Barton. Any person wishing to negotiate with the above will please direct to St. James' Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., immediately. 46-4f

CHAS. BARRY, late of Wood's Theatre, St. Louis.—Any one knowing the present whereabouts of the above gentleman, will confer a favor by sending the information. Members of the profession know him as Barry, Chas. Wharton, and Charles Whittier. 47-2f

A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT for the benefit of W. G. King, takes place at Dramatic Hall, 46 Houston street, on Tuesday evening, March 5. "Othello" and the "Idiot Witness," are on the bill of the play for the evening. 47

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.

444 444 444 BROADWAY.
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THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.

THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.
 NOVELTIES.
 Giving a continued entertainment, without the least intermission, for four and a half hours. Performance moves along as if by magic, always astonishing.

The following artists will appear every night in a variety of
 BALLET PANTOMIME OPERA.
 Interpersed with Negro Extravaganzas, Dances, Burlesque, Comic and Sentimental Songs, Burlesque, Negro Farces, Vanderlilles, &c.

Second week of the engagement of the favorite Irish Comedian.

BILLY O'NEIL,
 BILLY O'NEIL,
 BILLY O'NEIL,
 In a variety of original jokes, etc. The Irish Schoolmaster and Paddy's Wedding.

Second week of the renowned Banjoist and Ethiopian Comedian.

J. H. BUDWORTH,
 J. H. BUDWORTH,
 J. H. BUDWORTH.
 Second week of the celebrated Vocalist
 CLARA HARRINGTON,
 CLARA HARRINGTON,
 CLARA HARRINGTON.

The Queen of Song.

CHARLEY WHITE,
 CHARLEY WHITE,
 CHARLEY WHITE.
 The renowned Melodist, and everybody's favorite.
 L. SIMMONS, in his unequalled Banjo Songs.
 R. HART, Ethiopian Delineator.
 H. LESLIE, Fancy and Comic Dancer.
 F. SHAW, Extraneous and Comic Singer.
 MONS. LA THORNE, in his great Cannon Ball Feats.
 BILLY QUINN, in his original Stump Speech.
 MONS. ORLANDO and MILE CLARA,
 Late of the Ravel Troupe.

The accomplished Vocalist.

MARY BLAKE,
 KATE HARRISON,
 MARY FLORENCE,
 LIZZIE DAVIS,
 MARY FORD,
 FANNY NEWKIRK,
 Together with a full and efficient Orchestra, led by Prof. F. VON OLKER.

Admission.—Parquette, 20 cents; Gallery, 10 cents; Seats in Private Box, 50 cents.

BANJO! BANJO! BANJO! BANJO!

BANJO STRINGS! BANJO STRINGS! BANJO STRINGS!
 SHORT HANDLE BANJO! SHORT HANDLE BANJO!
 THE GREAT DOUBLE BASE AND SEVEN STRING BANJO!
 A SWEET TONED BANJO AND TWELVE LESSONS FOR \$5.
 47-4f

One of our highly finished Short Handle Banjos, acknowledged by the Profession to be the most easy to play upon. Sweetest toned and finest instrument of the kind manufactured with Frets. Twelve Written Lessons (in figures), with New Method of tuning the Banjo, &c., sent to any address on the receipt of \$10.

THE GREAT DOUBLE BASE AND SEVEN STRING BANJO,
 A novelty for any Professional Banjoist. Price \$12.

Three sets of the Banjo Strings (16 in all), with full instructions how to improve the sound of your Banjo in striking it. Price \$1.

A SWEET TONED BANJO AND TWELVE WRITTEN LESSONS FOR \$5.

A Sweet Toned Banjo, with twelve written Lessons, enabling a child to learn from them, with new method of tuning the Banjo, &c. The lessons are not by notes, but simply by figures.

47-4f TAIL PIECE, THIMBLE AND BRIDGE.

We will send the above articles of the very latest improvements, warranted to improve the sound of any Banjo. Price 50 cents.

47-4f BANJO TAUGHT WITHOUT A MASTER.

Six written lessons on the Banjo, with full instructions how to tune the instrument, price \$1. The lessons are very simple. Any person can understand them.

Banjo School, Fags, Factory, Agents to play Banjos.

Banjo Materials of every description.

H. C. DOBSON & BRO.,
 Manufacturers and Teachers of the Banjo,
 Wood's Marble Building,
 561 and 563 Broadway, Room No. 7, up stairs.

GERMAN VOLKS GARDEN.

PALACE HALL CONCERT SALOON.
 GERMAN VOLKS GARDEN.
 BOWERY.
 Opposite the Old Bowery Theatre.
 OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

FOR THE BEST AND CHEAPEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE CITY.

Banquets, Ball, Farce, Comic Acts, Burlesques, Songs, Dances, etc., fill up the space every evening, between 7 1/2 and 12 o'clock, presented in such form and variety as to draw

CROWDED HOUSES.

GRAND TIGHT ROPE ASCENSION BY

BLONDIS BLONDIS RIVAL BLONDIS

IN MINIATURE.

N. B.—The Proprietors, appreciating and encouraged by the liberal patronage of the public, have made extensive arrangements to produce, in rapid succession, a series of beautiful Ballets and wonderful Pantomimes, replete with perfect machinery, beautiful scenery, and magic changes, the first of which will be presented this week, entitled

THE FAIRY OF THE WHEAT SHEAF.

The greatest attraction in the city are the

WAITER GIRLS IN FANCY COSTUME.

Admission, Ten Cents; Reserved Seats, Twenty Cents.

Every Sunday Evening.

GRAND SACRED CONCERT.

Admission 12 Cents.

46 O'CONNOR, SIOB & CO.

THE GREAT ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS
 have just concluded a highly successful tour through Pennsylvania and New York, and will now visit the

NEW ENGLAND STATES.

appearing at NORTALK ending on the 4th and 5th:

DANBURY, 6th and 7th; BRIDGEPORT, 8th and 9th;

NEW HAVEN, 11th and 12th;

Thence to Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, and Boston, introducing

THEIR GREAT ORIGINAL PROGRAMME,

Illustrated and Embellished by the following artists:

EUGENE THROBON, JAMES GAYNOR,
 JNO WILLIAMS, WM. P. SPAILDING,
 JAS. LAMONT, JOHNNY PIERCE,
 CHAS. VILLIERS, DAN COLLINS, and
 SAM SHARPLEY, the most witty, original, and versatile performer living.

47-1f WM. H. DAVIS, Agent.

TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS, PROPRIETORS, AND OTHERS.

For sale cheap, a splendid Wardrobe, consisting of Shapes, Shirts, Tights, Rust Boots and Shoes, Wigs, Ladies' Dresses, Superannuated Dresses—complete—Swords, Shields, Helmets, Spears, etc., etc. This is a rare chance to purchase A No. 1 "Stock Wardrobe." Customers need not apply. Address MANAGER, CLIPPER Office. 47-1f

PROFESSOR ORRIN, and his three sons, will arrive in New York about the middle of April, and will then be open for engagements. Address, care of New York Clipper. 47-4f

CARD.—In answer to frequent letters, Mr. Southern begs to state that his engagement list is full to May next.

47-4f J. P. PONSIE, Agent for Mr. S.

PROFESSOR JOSEPH LEON.—The whereabouts of this gentleman is required. He is supposed to be somewhere in Brooklyn. 47-4f

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, March 4, 1861.

Spring! Such is the season now with us, and such is the word that, beside its expressiveness of the time, has ever been indicative, to us at least, of the universal Yankee character and genius. Any how, this is the case with the word—as a noun or as a verb. Its implications being a new and a genial season, or the act of quick germination or action. In the latter acceptance, it may be taken as an equivalent for the figure, "go ahead," which everybody knows is essentially American; in the former, it denotes what Shakespeare would have called a "presentment," with which the profession it is our duty to speak of in these columns has much to do. Out of doors, the scene has changed, just as the scene changes on a stage, and to bear out the likeness still further, new characters, or the same characters, in changed dresses, greet our sight. In the chief theatres of New York, Spring always brings particular events. It is then, that the treasury accounts since the commencement of the professional season in the fall are consulted; it is then also, that several of the performers by whom we have been accustomed to be delighted, leave the city for luminous tracks in the States, as "stars," then, too, is it that some new actors and actresses take the places vacated in the metropolis. Here we were about to end our category, and should have done so, had not another item of the season, at our New York theatres, presented itself to our notice. We mean the new influx of patronage which, as a rule, may be accounted as an accompaniment of the season inaugurated by the month of March. This new influx of the tide of popular favor has already set in, as noticed in our last summary, and it is only fair to expect its

THE WIFE POISONER'S SOLILOQUY.

THE NIGHT BEFORE EXECUTION.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Why did I take the fatal step,

That brought me to this point?

My throbbing heart is almost broke—

I hear my dying knell!

I cannot quench these weeping eyes,

Nor cool my burning brain;

I cannot clear my wicked soul

Of this infernal stain!

'Tis night—and darkness round me comes;

I hear them shriek and yell,

I'll break these chains—Oh! come not nigh—

But let me speak and tell!

These clanking chains distract my brain,

They make me sick and sad;

And when I think of her pale face,

It most drives me mad.

I'll chase these fearful thoughts away,

And pace my dreary cell.

I'll confess—there's but one day

Between this Earth and Hell.

The morn—I see the scaffold dread

That brings me to my grave!

I shall confess my wicked deeds!

Ah, no, I am the Devil's slave!

*The noise that the workmen created in erecting the scaffold reverberated through the prison walls.

DRAMATIC CHIP BASKET.

SELECTED AND COMPILED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

LA MAUPIN.

This extraordinary woman was one of Lodi's opera troupe. She was equally fond of both sexes, fought and loved like a man (or devil), and resisted and fell like a woman. She was married to a young man, who left her to take an office to which he had been appointed in Providence, when she ran away with a fencing master, of whom she learned to fence. They first went to Marseille, where, as they had good voices, they were engaged at the opera. She soon fell in love with a young woman. The object of her wilful affection was shut up in a convent, to which Maupin obtained access as a novice, when she set fire to it, and in the confusion ran off with her favorite. Maupin was taken, and condemned to be burned, but as the young woman was restored to her friends, she was pardoned. She then went to Paris, and made her first appearance at the opera, stage, 1806, when she performed the part of Pallas, in *Cadmus*, with the greatest success. The applause was so violent that she took off her corset to salute and thank the public, when her beauty caused them to redouble their applause. Her success was, from that time interrupted, but her acting was not upon the stage. Dumesnil, the counter-tenor, having affected her, she put on men's clothes, watched him in the *Pique de Federic*, and, instead of his drawing his sword and fighting her, which he refused, she came him, and took from him his watch and snuff box. The next day Dumesnil boasted at the Opera house that he had defended himself against three men who attempted to rob him, when Maupin told the whole story, and produced his watch and snuff box as proofs of his cowardice and the caning. Another person who escaped her clutches was by public order, she was pardoned, and became the favorite of the elector of Bavaria, who, becoming tired of her, sent her a purse of 40,000 livres, by the husband of the woman whom he made his next favorite, who threw the purse at his head telling him it was a recompense worth such a scoundrel as himself. She then returned to the stage, which she quitted in 1795. She was at length seized with a fit of rotion (!) and recalling her husband, passed the rest of his life with him in a very pious manner, and died in 1797, aged 34.

COPY OF AN OLD AND CURIOUS PLAY BILL.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET STREET THEATRE,
Formerly Tivoli Garden.
Somaferous Attractions!!

No Orders will be issued, as we now do business in a different way!!

In consequence of the patronage bestowed upon his Brother Managers, Mr. MADDEN has been induced to become the Lessee of this spacious and elegant Establishment. No pains or expense has been spared to render this Theatre one of the most comfortable and airy on the Continent. The dome is beautifully painted in imitation of rafters. The drop curtains is the same as was some time since announced to the Public as one of Mr. Benjamin West's master pieces, procured at an immense expense, and sent over from Italy on purpose for this Theatre. The piece brought forth on this occasion are such as cannot fail in ministering a most delectable feast to the rational mind. The Company are of "immense magnitude and huge preponderance!!" Among them will be found those Ladies and Gentlemen who have already met with the approbation of a Philadelphia Audience.

MR. JANVIER, MR. MERRIN, MR. MADDEN, MR. KNEASS, MR. BOOTH, MR. THOMSON, MR. GILSON, MR. TOWSER, MR. GRINBUR, MR. ALINSON, MR. WILLIE, HEAD, MR. ALPHIN (from the South), MISS ESTHER, MRS. SNEEZER.

Stage Manager, Mr. Janvier; Leader of the Orchestra, Mr. Moran. MR. B. J. H. S. P. R. T. N. I. G. H. T.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1836.

Will be presented the entire new Comedy of the

MAGIC SWORD.

On, Going the Whole Hog!

Old Squeezall..... Mr. Meredith
Harry Atlas..... Mr. Madden
Sir Peter Teazle..... Mr. Madden
Paul Pry..... Mr. Madden
Billy Black..... Mr. Madden
After which the "COAL BLACK ROSE," as sung by him with unbounded acclamations and applause, by Mr. JANVIER.

SONG—"DASHING WHITE SERGEANT"—MISS ESTHER.

"SPRING GARDEN BUTCHER"—MR. MERRIN.

"FANCY DANCE"—MISS ESTHER.

"SAILOR BOY'S DREAM"—MR. MADDEN.

The Evening's Performance to conclude with the Farce of the

DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

Col. Freeclove..... Mr. Madden
Lord Rivers..... Mr. Janvier
Mr. Davis..... Mr. Meredith
Admission to Pit and Boxes 25 cents. Doors open at seven, and performance to commence at half past seven o'clock.

The Public are respectfully informed that Mr. LIGHTFOOT is engaged, for a limited period, and will make a Grand Appearance from Tivoli Garden to Manayunk, on the

ELASTIC CORB, to morrow evening!!

Mr. FILLIS is engaged also, and will appear on Wednesday in the new Melodrama of "THE SUFFICIENT JEW," or, "Two Tumors of Silylock."—Aaron, the Jew, Mr. Phillips.

The Drama of the REAL FETCH is in rehearsal.

Several APOLLONIANs wanted, with Bass, Tenor and Troubadour voices; also, Ten regular EUPHONUMERARIES Apply at the Box Office.

An Emperor of Grace, of steady habits and sober good manners, will hear of a situation by applying at the Stage Door.

Tavern Keepers are warned not to trust any of the Performers, as the Manager will pay no GROSS BILLS.

DRAMATIC INCIDENT.

Some years ago Booth was playing the elder Brutus, at the "Mad Theatre," in Baltimore, and the wife of Andrew Jackson Allen, the American orator, was the Lucretia of the night. Brutus has to speak a long oration over the dead body of the martyred matron, but as the weather was bitterly cold, Mrs. Allen induced the manager to place a supererogatory boy on the bier. As it was not necessary that any portion of the body should be seen, excepting the profile of the face, the deception was not discovered by Booth. The tragedian had procured a few lines in his speech, when a slight shiver was observed to agitate the dead body. Booth ascribed this to the cold draught of air to which the ill-fated Lucretia was exposed, and went on—the boy writhed; Booth muttered between his teeth—"the shiver, Lucretia, recollect you're dead." Another violent convulsion of the corpse. The orator became excited and exclaimed loud enough to be heard in the pit—"damnation, damnation, if you don't quit that infernal wriggling I'll leave the stage!" He proceeded however until he came to the lines—

Behold that from her corpse

See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death.

Here the bier shook as though its burthen had been galvanised, and the body sprang from the bier in the twinkling of an eye, and rushing to the footlights, exclaimed—"blast me if I am going to lay on that ore bench to be drowned!" It is impossible to conceive the ludicrous figure the boy presented. He was enveloped in several white sheets, the ends of which trailed behind him, and his face was perfectly black. The audience was convulsed with laughter, which never ceased till the curtain fell.

It was afterwards discovered that Sam Drake, a comedian of famous memory, had obtained from the paint room, a pot of liquid lampblack, and placed it in the "dies" immediately over the representative of the defenceless matron. At intervals he poured small quantities of the sable fluid, directly in the face of the unhappy youth, but at length the whole contents of the vessel decanted in a shower, it was too much for flesh and blood to bear, and produced the ludicrous catastrophe.

ANECDOTE OF MATHIAS AND THE ELDER MATTHEWS.

When that queen of comedians, Mrs. Elmer, was unable to perform her professional exertions, Elton, her husband, was called upon to supply her place. Elton, however, was unable to perform, and all the talent in the metropolis volunteered to help to old a favorite. Matthews sang a couple of songs. Through some fault

in the arrangement, all the rest of the intermediate amusements were over before Matthews' first song came on. He sang it, and was secured.

"Well, my dear boy," replied Elton, "my stupid blundering prompter made a little mistake—a small error. We have nothing now but your other song and the farce."

"D—n it, sir," said Matthews, who was always irritable in business, "I can't sing, nor won't sing two comic songs close together. There must be something between to relieve the fatigue. Nobody serves up two courses at dinner exactly alike, one after the other; besides, I want to change my dress."

"Never mind dressing, my dear boy; the same dress will do for both."

"What do you mean, Mr. Elton, by 'Never mind dressing'?" Sir, I always mind dressing. When you give a dinner, and send down the venison and the salmon to the cook, do you say 'Never mind the dressing,' or do you tell her the same dressing will do for both? The stupid business is done on purpose to tease me. Hop on and sing a long song, and then hop off. Escorted, and hop on, and sing it again. Hop off, out of wind, lagged to death, and then you want me to hop on again, and sing another d—d long song."

"But on a night like this—charity!"

"Charity! Charity begins at home. I said I'd sing, and I will, but you don't want me to be all night singing, and hopping, and screwing, like a lame parrot. I did say I'd never enter your playhouse patent theatres again."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Two minutes to change my dress."

"You shall have it."

"But how? The curtain has been down for five minutes now, can't keep them waiting a quarter of an hour, and nothing doing. They'll pull up the benches—pull me—knock my eye out; serve me right, I had no business to come."

"Well, well, Mr. Matthews, go and dress; I'll keep them in good humor for you; I'll make a speech!"

Matthews went to his dressing room, and Elton took out his watch. He looked at the time, and saw that it was ten, and that his watch concealed in the palm of his hand, and his white handkerchief in his other, he gravely threw open the stage door, and walked slowly to the centre of the stage. A round of applause, three dignified bows, and a short pause. In his usual grand, eloquent style, he thanked them for their presence on that evening, in the name of their old favorite, Mrs. Elton, who was desirous of evincing her gratitude for their kind and generous presence. He glanced at his watch, and to the wing, but as Matthews was not there he felt bound to proceed. He spoke of the uncertain tenure of an actor's property—many chances of dreadful vicissitudes—no resource whose faculties fail. Another glance at watch and wing. He adverted to the extra talent he had the honor of offering to their notice that evening—Instantly Matthews, who was the first on such occasions to evince a promptitude truly praiseworthy. (Cure him, he is not ready yet!) He then congratulated the audience upon seeing the popular comedian once more on the boards of a theatre royal, hoped the arrangements of the evening were entirely to their satisfaction; were his generous patrons but pleased, he cared not what time he had spent in the task. (Ten minutes exactly.) winding up with a splendid peroration, he bowed himself off amidst roars of applause. "There," said he to Matthews, who had just arrived at the wing, and was greeted with a hearty slap on the back, "there, listen to that; now, my grumbler, go on and sing. They are in a better humor than ever; my speech against your song for next week's receipts."

MORE ABOUT HORSE COPING.

I was once amused by a horse coping dodge which a Derbyshire farmer related to me. He said:—I had made up my mind to sell "Old Boxer," a black horse, with two white heels. I had bred him myself, and worked him on my farm till he was thirteen years old. He was sound, and my wife said he was a fine horse, and I was proud of him. I had sold him for a good price, and I was going to take him to the market. My wife said he was a fine horse, and I was proud of him. I had sold him for a good price, and I was going to take him to the market.

I took him to Chesterfield fair, and sold him to some horse-coping chaps for six pounds. They were very anxious to swap with me ("bring it," they called it; "ring the changes," I suppose they meant). For another hour, he was in the hands of the "coping" men. I was very anxious to see him, and I went to the stable to see him. I found him in the hands of the "coping" men. I was very anxious to see him, and I went to the stable to see him. I found him in the hands of the "coping" men.

I went to many fairs, but saw nothing that I liked so well in make and shape as "Old Boxer," until Nottingham Goose Fair, and there I met with one of the men to whom I had sold "Old Boxer," and I asked him where he thought the horse was then?

"Oh! my hearty, you draw me a tooth with that deal; why the old devil could not chew butter. We sold him to work in a coal-pit in Staffordshire, and he roan after died."

"We have one here to-day, as much like him as one pea is like another. I said, when we bought him from the breeder, that he was the very model of the man to whom I had sold "Old Boxer," as sound as a bell, and ready to go to work any minute."

"Where is he?" said I.

"Come along, I'll show him to you," said he.

It was some time before the horse fair began, and he led the way to a row of stables at the back of a public house, which was full of all sorts of horses.

"Bring out that black horse that we bought at Welshpool, Tom," said he.

"As right, sir," said a lashing fellow, attired in a blue shag waistcoat, with drab sleeves, and red neckerchief, as he disappeared into the stable, whither I attempted to follow him, but seeing that I should not be able to get in, I stood outside, and waited.

"I was glad to get out. I had not long to wait before his appearance was heralded by 'Come, come. Look out, Cranky! Dye want to be trampled into mince meat?' And out the horse bounded, crack went a whip behind him; the man at his head trotted him up to the end of the street and back again, and then he was in the stable, and I was glad to get out. I had not long to wait before his appearance was heralded by 'Come, come. Look out, Cranky! Dye want to be trampled into mince meat?' And out the horse bounded, crack went a whip behind him; the man at his head trotted him up to the end of the street and back again, and then he was in the stable, and I was glad to get out. I had not long to wait before his appearance was heralded by 'Come, come. Look out, Cranky! Dye want to be trampled into mince meat?' And out the horse bounded, crack went a whip behind him; the man at his head trotted him up to the end of the street and back again, and then he was in the stable, and I was glad to get out. 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